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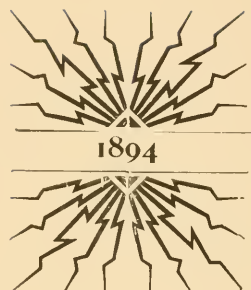


"WE HONOR OUR DEAD"

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Frontispiece produced by Engraving Department
Manual Training School
House of Refuge.

MEMORIAL DAY SERVICE



—  SUNDAY MAY 27,  —



HOUSE
OF
REFUGE

58-2
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MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL
PRINTING DEPARTMENT.





ORDER OF EXERCISES.

I. Song,

School.

The Children and Audience rising.

Strew Flowers Above The Nation's Dead.

STREW flowers above the nation's dead
O, gather tenderly around ;
With garlands deck their lowly bed,
Tread lightly o'er this hallowed ground.
For us they died—the brave, the true ;
In gratitude we linger here,
And thus our offerings renew
With flowers of each returning year,

Their mem'ries dwell in each heart :
O, keep them ever fondly pure ;
From hill and plain, and crowded mart
Here gather while the years endure.
Can we forget the gifts they gave—
The lives they yielded at our needs ?
O'er ail the land, from wave to wave,
Thus honored be their noble deeds.





2. Responses,

School.

¶ All will remain seated.

Boys.—I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

Girls.—The dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it.

Girls.—In my Father's house are many mansions.

Girls.—Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

Boys.—Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God. But we shall all be changed.

Girls.—We have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Boys.—For so is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption :

Girls.—It is raised in incorruption.

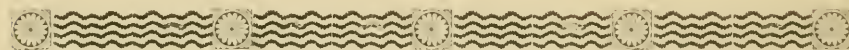
Boys.—It is sown in dishonor.

Girls.—It is raised in glory.

Boys.—It is sown in weakness.

Girls.—It is raised in power.

Boys.—So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality,





Girls.—Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

Boys.—And every one that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.

Girls.—While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.

Boys.—For the things which are seen are but for a time ; But the things which are not seen are everlasting.

All.—The days of man are but as grass, for he flowereth as a flower of the field. For as soon as the wind goeth over it, all is gone.

Blessed are the Meek. Blessed are the Merciful. Blessed are the pure in Heart. Blessed are the Peacemakers. Amen.

3. Prayer,

School.

¶ All will remain seated.

○ THOU who art the Lord of life and Father of all our spirits, it is thou who hast made us. Thou hast made us for life, and health, and happiness, both here and hereafter. We bless thee for all the joy of living ; for the beauty of the world we now dwell in ; for its sunshine and song ; for sleeping and waking ; for rest and play ; for the love of parents and friends ; for the protection of our country ; for instruction in ways of wisdom and goodness. We bless thee for all these, but we thank thee that there is more than this even to make us grateful and glad.

We bless thee for the hope of heaven ; for the beautiful faith that we shall not die, when our body dies, but that thou wilt take to thyself all good children, and all good men and women, to live in heaven and be happy in thy love forever. Amen.



4. Song,

First & Second Div. Boys.

“Children will rise, Audience remain seated.

“For The Right.”

WE are faithful little soldiers,
Every duty we will do :
For the right ! shall be our watchword,
Ever for the right,
For the right
For the right ! shall be our watchword,
Ever for the right,
For the right.

2 We are the daring little soldiers
And we bravely fight the wrong ;
For the right ! our colors flying,
Ever for the right,
For the right
For the right our colors flying
Ever for the right,
For the right.

5. Recitation,

Martin Flaherty.

Memorial Day.

THE circling year again brings round
This proud Memorial Day,
With mingled joy and grief profound
We deck with wreaths the sacred mound,
Where patriot soldiers lay.



'Tis meet that we this honor show,
And pledge this day anew
Our fadeless faith, that all may know
How strong this faith will ever grow
In loyal hearts and true.

Our land so broad, so grand, so free,
Pays homage to the band,
Who fought and bled, and died that we
An undivided nation be,
The peer of any land.

Pile granite to the vaulted skies ;
Carve words of deathless fame ;
Let marble monuments arise
Where'er the soldier-patriot lies,
In honor to his name.

The granite pile may sink to dust
No more its words be read ;
The marble may forsake its trust ;
The nation may, in reckless lust
Forget the honored dead.

Their fame is fixed beyond the skies,
Their glory is of God ;
'Twas not ambition's sacrifice,
Nor eager gain for worldly prize,
That laid them 'neath the sod.

They died our nation's life to save,
Ere it were rent in twain,
For this each fills a soldier's grave,
For this the glorious flag sha'll wave,
In honor of the slain.



— 8 —

They died : the clanking shackles fill
From bondman's fettered hand,
And angels winged their way to tell
While heavenly choirs the anthem swells,
Of freedom's happy land.

6. Solo,

Hamer Brazier & School.

¶ All will remain seated.

The Flag They Died To Save.

Solo

THEY died to save the dear old flag,
The banner that we love ;
To save the country that we prize
All other lands above.

Chorus.

Our country's flag, the dear old flag
Our soldiers died to save.
Muffle the drums in their honor to-day,
And scatter flowers on each grave.

2. They followed it through blinding smoke,
On many a battle field ;
The Union which our fathers formed,
Their precious life blood sealed.

Chorus.

3. The symbol of a people's rights
Still may our banner wave,
And every star unsullied be
The flag they died to save.

Chorus





7. Exercises,

Kindergarten.

¶ Children will rise, Audience remain seated.

(a) Recitation—Lena.

HAPPY little children,
Full of love and life;
Knowing naught of sorrow
Nor the bitterness of strife.
Bring the flowers you gather;
The parting bloom of May;
And scatter them with loving hands
On the soldiers' graves to-day.

Remember they were heroes,
These soldiers brave and true;
Who knew what strife and sorrow meant
And knowing died for you—
The greatest gift a hero gives
When with his life he parts,—
O happy little children
Bring flowers with grateful hearts.

(b) Song—School.

BRING forth the flowers,
Sweet fragrant flowers,
Borne in the sunshine and sparkling in the dew;
Here while we sing,
Gladly we bring
Offerings meet for the brave and true
Daisies and buttercups, roses so fair
Dainty forget-me-nots, violets blue
Bring forth the flowers, sweet fragrant flowers,
Offerings sweet for the brave and the true.



c Recitations—Memorial Flowers.

A BUNCH o' fragrant violets
As my offering I have brought,
True blue, as were the soldiers
When for the right they fought.

2 I bring the golden buttercups
So hardy and so brave;
What flowers can be more fitting
To deck a soldier's grave?

3 I bring a bunch of daises
Some humble grave to crown,
As innocent as the pure young lives
So willingly laid down.

4 This bunch of purple lilacs
As my offering I bring,
'Tis fragrant as the memory
Of those whose praise we sing.

5 Their silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers,
Theirs has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

6 We've often heard the story
Of how the brave men fought,
And as a tribute of our love
These flowers we have brought
We will ne'er forget the soldiers
And when we've passed away,
May other hands the flowers bring
Each Decoration Day.



8. Song,

Girls.

Once More Unto These Hallowed Grounds.

ONCE more unto these hallowed grounds
Emblems of our truest love we bring;
Plucked where nature constant in her seasons
Crowns the hills with sweetest flow'rs of Spring.

Chorus

Battle drum nor cannon's rattle
Shall disturb thee never more;
For thou hast fought thy country's battle
Sleep in peace thy warfare now is o'er.

Eighty sunny years have come and gone
Memory still recalls that trying day
When responsive to the sounding horn
With thy comrades thou didst march away.

Chorus.

9. Vocal Solo,

Chapman Yeary.

NOTE—The Lone Grove is situated on the Western and Atlantic
R. R. between Chattanooga, Tenn., and Atlanta, Ga. A plain
stone marked the resting place of a soldier. Name "un-
known." You must tell whether he had been a soldier for
Confederate or the Union army, when laying the track was
over of the grave school it over beautifully and elegantly



head-stone over it bearing the above inscription. The traveler's attention is always called to this spot, and the train "slows up" in order to give all an opportunity to see it.

Let this be an Olive Branch to the North and South to be again a united people.

"The Lone Grave."

A STORY I'm going to tell of a grave,
In the South where a brave soldier fell;
For his cause now he sleeps by the side of a track,
What his colors, none able to tell;
A plain simple board, rudely carved that was all,
That was left to remind one of that sacred spot;
The words as we traced them were simple enough,
"A soldier sleeps here, O! forget me not;"

Chorus.

The lone grave is there by the side of the track,
It contains a wanderer that never came back,
And when he appears on the great Judgment Day
Our Father'll not ask, "Was your suit blue or gray!"

2. There's a mother that sits by a fireside to night,
She is thinking of days long gone by;
And she pictures a loved one who went to the war
But returned not, she says with a sigh,
If the mother could know that her boy calmly sleeps
Undisturbed by the march or the progress of time;
What feelings would haunt her what thoughts would she have—
Sobs, tears, and heart-aches what sadness sublime;

Chorus.



The lone grave's still there by the side of the track,
It contains her boy who will never come back,
And when he appears on the great Judgment Day,
Our Father'll not ask, "Was your suit blue or gray!"

10. Address,

11. America,

Congregation.

¶ The Children and Audience rising.

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty—
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love,
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathes partake,
Let rocks their silence break
The song prolong.

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty—
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light
Protect us with Thy might
Great God, our King.

¶ After America is sung the audience and children will
remain standing while the children say prayer.



Prayer.

○ UR HEAVENLY FATHER we ask Thee to bless our fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters.

Bless the Governor of this State, the President of the United States, their Counselors, advisers and all who are in Authority.

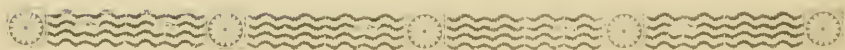
Give them strength to perform their duties for the public welfare Striving not for personal advantage, but that good-will may be fostered among all conditions of men and all peoples.

Help us to ever number those who have given their services, and their lives that our nation might be established and preserved.

Above all bless our Country, give to it peace and prosperity. Give to its people, wisdom to plan, fortitude to endure, patience to submit, and love to forgive.

God bless us all. Amen.

Here follows the Lord's Prayer.





IT is proper to say to the Public, that the Children of the House of Refuge not only observe "Memorial Day" by Exercises in Chapel as herein prepared, but that all type setting, engraving of frontispiece, and press work of this Service has been done in the Printing and Engraving Departments of the Manual Training School connected with the Institution. "An industrious man will be a good citizen; a good citizen a patriot," and the careful labor of the children in this work shows that among them will be found the patriot citizens of the future. Their tributes to our Country's dead are in the garlands of prayer, song and work.



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